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is shown on the first page. These are pleasant bits of genre, and should be very salable. The picture referred to, indeed, was sold as soon as it left the easel, and, oddly enough, it is to be sent to Munich, whence the painter has lately arrived. We have no American artist who can paint the horse in action so well as Chelminski, and he can be kept busy with commissions for painting favorite trotters, if he cares about such work. But it is the life of the Indians and the plainsmen in the far West which has most attracted his attention and aroused his ambition, and it is in this interesting field that we expect him to win his laurels in this country. If he does devote himself to this class of subject, the anomaly will be presented of a foreign artist, almost an entire stranger among us, and still unfamiliar with our language, painting American life and character, while our own men

of decided talent and individuality. These were Mr. Edwards's first introduction to public notice. The young artist had come from Fairhaven, Connecticut, where he was born in 1859. As a boy he evinced remarkable aptitude for drawing. The sea and its people specially received his attention, and decided the field of his maturer work which shows how readily he catches the spirit of the structural peculiarities of our quaint coast towns and fishing ports, the character of our coasting craft and of those who navigate them. His sympathy has always been with the scenes amid which his youth was spent, and, naturally, the first expression of his abilities is found in glorifying them. Soon after his arrival in New York he was employed on decorative designing, and this developed in him a taste for a class of imaginative work in which he has shown decided

Mr. Edwards in 1882 visited Belgium, Holland, and France, finally taking a studio in Paris, whence he made excursions to Normandy and Brittany. In 1883 he exhibited at The Salon "Retour de la Pêche," his largest oil painting in the present exhibition.

Among the seventy odd sketches, studies and finished pictures which fill the smaller of the new galleries in Madison Square, the water-color drawings show to the best advantage the distinguishing qualities of the artist, as the works in oil no less distinctly emphasize the present limitations of his art. Mr. Edwards is yet a young man, almost, if not entirely, self-taught, and it does not surprise us to find in his canvases much that is open to severe criticism. The strength of his art is also its weakness. If his touch is deft and his fancy airy, his execution is too often incomplete—he carries his con-



"ON THE SHORE." BY JAN CHELMINSKI.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING LATELY EXHIBITED AT THE LOTOS CLUB, NEW YORK.

seek abroad or in their studios the inspiration all nature in their own land fails to impart to them.

A. TRUMBLE.

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

THE second exhibition of the new American Art Galleries introduces the interesting work of a young painter hitherto scarcely known to New York. Mr. George Wharton Edwards has been represented at recent local exhibitions by a few pictures in water-colors and oil, and has become popular in Boston, where his paintings are in demand; but until now he has been known here rather by repute than by his handiwork.

About six years ago there appeared in some of the periodicals drawings by a fresh hand among the illustrators, which, while defective, as many of them were, and often handicapped by inadequate reproduction, yet, from their dash and their cunning, facile execution, showed plainly to the critical eye the presence of a man

ability, as will be readily admitted by the reader who remembers the charming "holiday card" designs of elfins, faeries and hobgoblins published (November, 1882) in *The Art Amateur*. There is something almost paradoxical in the singular foil the talent for such dainty work of the imagination offers to that breezy, robust talent manifested in the artist's representation of the every-day life of the weather-beaten mariner.

It is difficult to say to-day in which phase of his art—the material or the poetical—Mr. Edwards is most satisfactory. As a translator of nature he possesses a bold and correct hand, a quick and intelligent eye, and an intense feeling for the subtle harmonies of light and air no mere technical skill can achieve. In his drawings in black and white, as in his work in water-colors and in oil, this capacity for fixing or suggesting the luminosity of nature is a chief charm. He gives, too, with much truth, the rush and swirl of the surf, the long and powerful sweep of a deep sea roller, or the sluggish crawl of a Dutch canal—and all these with a rare degree of facility.

ceptions and suggestions to a certain stage of finish, and there leaves them. His color is muddy, there is little attention paid to values, and cleverness is often made to do duty in place of knowledge.

Many of Mr. Edwards's water-colors are thoroughly admirable, especially those in which his favorite grays predominate; for it is undoubtedly in monochrome that we find him at his best. It may be too soon to assume that he is denied the gift of color, but it is not too much to say that, as yet, he has shown nothing to lead us to suppose that he possesses it. In some of these drawings there is a charming out-of-door feeling. We have specially in mind a view on one of the Paris bridges on a misty winter day, which has a marvellous wetness and cool airiness about it, and a suggestion of distance, which is really masterly. No less admirable is a Paris street scene in which the mysterious indefiniteness of twilight is perfectly conveyed. One might easily single out for praise others of these drawings, especially some taken on the Dutch Coast—excellent in their truthful rendering of

character and atmosphere. But let it suffice to say generally, that the whole collection stamps Mr. Edwards as an aquarellist of uncommon talent. The imaginative pictures, including several subjects drawn from "The Culprit Fay" of Rodman Drake, and others of purely original inspiration, are full of whimsical fancy or poetic sentiment. Seen together, they are somewhat depressing in their monotonous grays; but some of them, suitably framed—say, for a boudoir—would show capital decorative qualities.

WOMAN'S WORK AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES.

ALIDA BEVIER of this city sends a "Sunny Window" that need not be ashamed of itself beside any work of equal pretensions in the Paris Salon. It represents a bit of plain white wainscot wall, a painted white window shelf, a half open window, and a green vine. The wainscot is barred with shadows of the window sash; the vine entering through the window to cross the wooden shelf is energetic, "perky" and knowing, a sort of terrier among vines, and is relieved partly against the darkness of exterior space, partly against the opaque white of the shelf. It is an ingenious bit of decoratively treated technique, although realistic as opposed to "conventional" or "æsthetic" decoration, and has a brisk and piquant character, the work of one who knew *what* she wanted to do and how to do it.

Rhoda Holmes Nichols, a talented Englishwoman who has lately made her home among us, sends "A Ve-

curved iron, full of parti-colored tapestries or stuffs, blooming plants and vagrant vines, against an expanse of

"A Gray Day on the Lagoons" is as prosaic as the subject can be made with such expert craftsmanship. Lavinia Ebbinghausen, of Philadelphia, sends "Picking up a Living" and a profile bust called "Eleanor." The former is a plain-walled barnyard scene, with woolly, not feathered, fowls in the foreground. It is good in color, rather loose in substance, and not noticeable either for treatment or motif. "Eleanor" is a coarse peasant face, with shoulders rather incongruously covered with rich drapery. The flesh is hot, the drapery as flat, foldless and shadowless as that of a Byzantine Madonna, and, therefore, as facile; the brush work shows no timidity within its lines, but all technical difficulties are avoided, and the painter is evidently more at home with brush than pencil. Lucy Holbrook sends "Connecticut Woods," pretty, elaborate and conventional. Elizabeth Booth, Boston, has the two canvases that bear away the palm of ugliness from the whole exhibition. Both are of signboard artistic quality, and would fill their proper office—one before a butcher's shop, the other a circus side-show. The one represents an ugly domestic grunter in easy profile, a blocky, wooden, purplish porker seemingly painted, not from life, but death. Time and paint are wasted upon such exploits, as far removed from real feeling and rule of true art as hogs are from seraphs. The other, "Serena," is a monstrosity of a little negro girl, with bowl and spoon on her knees. The head is grotesquely out of proportion; the color is that of the plain wall against which it is painted, and therefore has no relief. Bertha von Hillern sends "House



GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS. DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

warm, peach-tinted wall. It is brilliant in detail color, the detail fussiness of form and color uniting into a

of the plain wall against which it is painted, and therefore has no relief. Bertha von Hillern sends "House



"A SUNNY DAY OFF THE COAST OF NORMANDY." BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN WATER-COLORS.

netian Balcony," "A Gray Day on the Lagoons," and "Venetian Boys," all bright, "smart" work. The "Venetian Balcony" shows one of those familiar objects of

tranquil and harmonious, although so dazzling, an ensemble. The "Venetian Boys" are but a pyramidal accessory to much peach-tinted expanse of steps, while

on Battle-Ground of Fisher's Hill, Virginia," painted with a seriousness and gravity almost depressing. It represents a plain, bald, weather-beaten house, with